

THE LIFE OF THE SOLDIER

Recollections of Confederate Camps and Battlefields.

GREAT ANXIETY TO ENLIST

This Followed by Cooler Judgment. Incidents of Real Experience . How the Army Was Fed. Anecdotes, &c.

(Reminiscences of Soldier Life by a Rebel. Written for The Times-Dispaten.) PART I.

In the Western city where I resided at the time, the first rumors of war created no little excitement, but few persons really thought war was so near at hand. When, however, the first gun was fired every man flew to arms-that is, a large number did, but there were others who said they were going to fly as soon as their business matters could be arranged. Quite a number of these were never able to "fix up their affairs" satisfactorily, and consequently they remained at home during the entire four years They were so busy that, when called on by the government peremptorily, they were compelled to employ substitutes. This was often expensive, but it was impossible for them to go, with their business in such an unsettled condition. who did go were brimful of patriotism. We were only afraid the war would all be over before we could take

The company in which I enlisted tendered their services and were soon on their way to Virginia. After a lively trip we arrived without incident worthy of note, and then commenced the drilling and camp duties, which, being novel, were not as yet disagreeable. When the rations issued were not exactly to our fancy we would send to town for something more appetizing, paying for something more appealing, pages where same out of our private purses. We had a little cash on hand, and we did not save it for the hard times we knew not of. We had a jolly company, and time did not hang heavy on our hands. GOING TO BATTLE,

Thus matters stood for a month or more, when we were ordered to the front, A few days later saw us starting on what proved to be a long forced murch. All were in high spirits, for it had been whispered that a fight was brewing, and whispered that a fight was brewing, and that was just what we were "spiling" for. Night came on after we had been on the road half the day, and found us somewhat juded and footsore, but as nothing was said about going into camp, we trudged along without a word. We have since learned that soldiers on a forced march are not inclined to talk much. Some time after dark we forded the Shenandoah River, which did much to wake us up and revive our spirits, for they were beginning to droop. Some stripped entirely, placing their clothing in a bundle on the end of their guns for protection from water and for convenience in a bundle on the end of the gains toprotection from water and for convenience
in carrying; others took off only their
shoes or boots; while a few waded in
without even taking "Cousin Sally Dillard's" orecaution. A very few (the
writer among the number) succeeded in
obtaining a small boat, and went over
dry-shod. That was my first streak of
good luck.

ABOUT TO BEGIN.

Two days more found us approaching

Two days more found us approaching the famous battlefield of First Manassas. The first sound that greeted our ears that memorable morning was the cannon theorem, and as we drew nearer and nearer we began to think that there was to be one more fight anyhow, and that a little earlier than we had really expected, or perhaps desired. In a short while we were ordered to halt and load our guns. That perhaps desired. In a short while we well or ordered to halt and load our guns. That looked like business. A rest of a few poments was here allowed us, during which time there was not the usual conversation carried on, nearly every one seeming to be busy with his own thoughts. Several of the men attempted to crack jokes, but a ghastly smile was about all that could be raised. A little while longer and we were in sight and reach of the enemy's batteries, and they were very prompt in presenting their compliments in the shape of shot and shell. Forward we went, hardly realizing the errand we were on. That was our initiation. It seems almost like a dream Several of the men attempted to crack

THE SOLDIER RATED.

THE SOLDIER RATED.

In the excitement of a great battle it would seem that any one disposed to shirk or skulk could do so without discovery, but there never was a greater mistake. Around the camp fires, "after the battle," the conduct of every man is discussed, and a verdict rendered that is rarely unjust. There is no "put-on" among soldiers—more especially in the rank and file. A man's true character and disposition are soon known to all his comrades, and thereby he is rated, no matter what he appeared to be at home. Those who had been considered the most courageous often proved arrant cowards when under the pressure of battle, while the meek, modest, unassuming man became a hero grand when put to the test. In the early days of our soldier life strict camp discipline was observed—roll call three times a day, the last at a P.M. and taps at 10 o'clock, when every light was expected to be extinguished. But orders were not always obyed, and the officer or sergeant on duty would occasionally surprise a very quiet game of poker or old sledge, where the players

THE MENAGERIE. About that time our brigade "mena About that time our brigade "menagerie" was quite an institution. After taps when every one not on duty was supposed to be asleep, the stillness of the night would be broken into by the lusty crowing of a rooster. Hardly would he subside before the barking of a dog could be heard in another direction, sometimes the mastiff's deep bass, and then again the yelp of a cur in distress, or a pack of hounds under full cry. Then would follow the quacking of ducks, the gobbling of turkeys, the squalling of cats, the squealing of pigs, the crying of bables and so on, generally winding up by a heartrending bray from a disconsolate Jack, each part of the performance from a different quarter of camp, so that before the officer could get near enough to locate one sound, another would break forth still further off in another direction, and so far as I know, none of the "varmints" were ever caught.

THE SOLDIER VISITOR. was quite an institution. After

There is a certain charm about soldier life that, notwithstanding the hardship and dangers to which he is exposed makes it endurable, and, at times, ever

makes it endurable, and, at times, even enjoyable.

We were like a large family. The same pot and "spider" often did duty for an entire company. We smoked each other's pipes, drank from each other's canteens, and if while in camp any one desired to pay a visit in the neighborhood, his comrades were called on for the loan of their most presentable articles of apparel for the ocasion. A coat from one, pants from anpresentable articles of apparel for the occasion. A coat from one, pants from another and from others shoos, cravat and collar, and if any one was possessed of a "biled shirt," he was certainly called on for its loan. If, however, the borrower was the right sort of a man, he would either wash that shirt himself or have it done before returning it to its owner. Perhaps in a few days this visitor in borrowed apparel would receive a box from home, with a few nice things in the way of dress, and then he was called on for similar favors, which he rarely refused. fused.

AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

While in winter quarters we had theatricals, minstrel shows, stag dances and so on, which were a source of much enjoyment. Mimicking the colored brother, spouting Shakespeare and practicing the "stage stride," could be heard and seen on every side.

It was during such a season that one of the boys, returning to camp at midnight, after a day in Richmond, the earlier part of the night having been spent at the theatre, proceeded with a pole to belabor the cabin tent roof of one of his comrades in a very energetic manner. "What in the d—l are you doing out there—who are you?" shouted the man inside, awakened thus unceremoniously from a sound sleep. "I am thy father's ghost," responded the one with the pole, in a sepulchral voice. "The d—l you are!" came from the inside. "If you don't strike a double-quick away from there you'll be the ghost of your daddy's son." The stage-struck and weary Rob did move on without further parley.

there you'll be the ghost of your daddy's son." The stage-struck and weary Rob did move on without further parley. It was a great treat to spend a day in town-a relief from the monotony of camp life. Only a limited number from each regiment were granted such passes at one time, and if there was the slightest prospect of "business," no one was permitted to leave camp even for an hour. All orders were, of course, peremptory, but in spite of that, and without the fear of being overhauled by the guard on the road, or the patrol in town, some of the boys would "run the blockade," and sometimes spend several days at a time in the city. Strange to say, it was seldom that one fell into the hands of the provost guard. They soon "learned the ropes," and would have been considered as lacking in enterprise if they had failed to outwit the town soldlers.

A "SQUARE" MEAL.

Yes, the men at the front were generally equal to every occasion. What they couldn't do or wouldn't undertake would hardly be worth a trial by any one else. When rations were short they would go to any length for a good, "square meal." They made the matter a study, and had reduced it to a fine science. "A good, square meal!" Who could understand and appreciate the full meaning of those words better than a hungry soldier. When he got it he was happy-till next time—for he never borrowed trouble from the morrow. "Sumicient unto the day is the evil thereof" was ever his motto. Poor J. F.—, after having enjoyed a plentiful repast, was always wont to remark, as he filled his pipe, "Thank God, I have dined heartily once more," whether it was morning, noon or night. It was generally "a feast or a famine." Sometimes we had an abundance, but a twenty-four or thirty-six hour fast was not an uncommon occurrence. Just before a battle rations six hour fast was not an uncommon occurrence. Just before a battle rations were always scarce, but immediately afterwards there was enough and to spare, which, in an active campaign, means to leave behind or throw away, as our haversacks only held a limited

means to leave behind or throw away, as our haversacks only held a limited sunply.

This question of "provender" was one which received much of the Southern soldier's attention. It was discussed and "cussed," and his ingenuity was often put to the test to solve the problem. Here and there you could find one more provident than his fellows, who generally ranased to keep a biscuit or cracker stored away for hard times, but with the masses it was "come day, go day." When they had plenty they enjoyed it, letting the future take care of itself.

CO-OPERATIVE HASH.

When we were in the trenches or in very close quarters the cooking was done in the rear by a squad detailed for that purpose, and the food was carried to the front to be issued, but that never gave satisfaction. The men preferred to receive the "raw material" and prepare it in their own way, and there were some excellent cooks among them. Like in everything else, however, some never learned anything about the art culinary, and invariably made a botch of it. These were the fellows who never refused an invitation to dine out.

In times of scarcity a not of "co-operative hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did much to all and the contractive hash" sometimes did

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gather up all the available canteens and go to the spring for water to fill the pot. This mixture, when properly prepared, in a large camp kettle, made a dish that no soldier would "turn up his nose at." Perhaps not a single one of the articles mentioned was in quantity sufficient to satisfy its owner's appetite, but by the combination all enjoyed about as near a "equare meal" as could be expected under the circumstances.

"square meal" as could be expected index the circumstances.

DANGER DARED.

Speaking of "roasting ears" brings to mind a ludicrous incident which occurred while the contending armies were in close proximity. One of my regiment, a big, awkward, ungainly looking chap, took it into his head to have some corr from a patch which covered a portion of our front. Screened from the sharp-shooters by the luxuriant growth, he proceeded some distance, gathering an armiful of fine ears. Roturning, he concluded, as all was quiet just then, to save distance by leaving the corn patch and going diagonally across the open field. He had as all was quiet just then, to save distance by leaving the corn patch and going diagonally across the open field. He had not gone far, however, before the sharpshoeters spied him. "Zip!" came a minnie, which made him move forward more lively—then another, and another, each one striking nearer. It was getting too hot for him. A heavy knapsack behind and an arm full of corn in front were impeding his progress, and something had to be done promptly. It did not occur to him to unburden himself in front, or, if it did, the crawings of a hungry stomach put a veto on any such proceedings. Stopping just a moment, he gave his shoulders a sort of backward sling, dropping his knapsack on the ground, when he bounded forward at greatly accelerated speed, reaching the works in safety, still clinging to his front load. Immediately dropping the corn, he seized his gun and qu'etily remarked that he intended to "shoot the first rascal who attempted to get that knapsack." After nightfall he had no trouble in recovering his property. The expression of his countenance when he "shed" that knapsack, and his lively no trouble in recovering his place when he "shed" that knapsack, and his lively movements just afterwards, "brought down the house," but there did not appear to be much fun in it for him until he had commenced operations on the (Second part to appear next week.—Editor Confederate Column.)

"The Child's Wish."

Richmond, Va., September 25, 1903.

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Richmond, Va., September 25, 1903.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have for years past read with profit and pleasure reminiscences of occurrences during the war between the States, written by the survivors of these who took part therein. I have not the proud pleasure of laying claim to the fact that I was an active participant, yet I distinctly recollect when my father, who at the time seemed to be grief-stricken, came to our country home and imparted to my mother the information that Virginia had seceded. The word seceded at that time was "Dutch" to me, but in a very brief time its meaning fully dawned upon me.

The flower of our youth quickly responded to the call to arms, and the glory achieved by them will ever be perpetuated in the true history of that great cenflict. And in a very short time the phies near my home, which for years and years had hummed a requiem to the departed red man, afforded a camping ground for thousands of our soldiery, who soon were to expose their bosoms to the bullets of an incoming foe. Twas then I met a soldier whose hair was white bullets of an incoming foe. Twas then I met a soldier whose hair was white by the frost of many winters. Ho was not only a true soldier, but a born mustician, and his name was G. A. A. Rigs (If now alive), of Marshall, Texas.

Some years ago he wrote me a letter and enclosed a copy of a song he used to sing for the edification and benefit of a then happy family. In locking over my papers a few days ago I came across it, and so impressed was I with its beauty I herewith profier it to you, and if our views coincide you are at liberty to publish it in your "Confederate Column." Pardon me for my prolonged explanation, and at the same time believe me, Yours most truly,

EDWARD S. ROSE.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

Oh, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass, With the calm, blue sky above my head

Oh, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With the calm, blue sky above my head And the shadowy clouds that pass.
And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All around above my head;
I'll close my eyes and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to Him;
He will bear me slow and steadily, Far through the ether dim; He will gently, gently lay me Close by the Saviour's side, And when I'm sure that I'm in heaven My eyes I'll open wide.

Then I'll look among the angels
That stand around the throne,
Till I find my slater, Mary,
For I know she must be one.
And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
I'll tell her how we've mourned for her
All the time that she's been gone.

O, I shall be delighted O, I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again;
Though I know she'll not return to us,
To ask her would be vain.
So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyos,
I'll remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel,
To take me back to you,
He'll bear me slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue;
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play,
And gone to sleep beneath the tree,
This sullry, summer day. This sultry, summer day,

Richmond Troop of Cavalry.

Richard Crouch was nominated and duly elected captain of said troop. I do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the proceedings of said troop on the night above specified. REUBEN MOSS, Acting Secretary.

March 18, 1822.

I was present when the election of Captain Crouch as —— in the foregoing abstract took place. As a member of the troop I consider Captain Crouch as duly elected Captain thereof.

March 28, 1822.

JOSEPH MAYO.

JOSEPH MAYO.

JOSEPH MAYO.

THE ROLL.

Captain Richard Crouch, First-Lieutenant James Lyons, Jr., Second-Lieutenant T. H. Caperton, Cornet Peter Lyons, First Sergeant N. Denby, Second Sergeant Williamson, Third Sergeant Nicholas, Fourth Sergeant Brown, First Captain Buchanan, Second Captain Ribble, Third Captain Watson, Fourth Captain Howard, Secretary J. Mayo, Tressurer H. Nellson, Walls, Trice, Crutchfield, Staples, Carter, Copeland, Dudley, Harrison, Williamson, Burton, Ruffin, Schermerhorn, Thomas Moss, Saunders, Montell, Pickett, Green, Brooke, Chwallle, Dunlop, Prosser, Gienn, Ruffin, Scherheiter, Green, Saunders, Montell, Pickett, Green, Brooke, Chivallic, Dunlop, Prosser, Gienn, Chubb, Whitlow, E. Stean, R. Stean, Rogers, Pegram, Marquis, Van Lew, Cunningham, Sheppard, Miller, Diddop, Lay, Guy, Tabb, Brooks, Wolf, Mayo,

()UERIES & ANSWER S

Women Students of Pharmacy.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir.—Please let me know through your
columns if there is any college in Virginia or Maryland where a woman may
take a course in pharmacy, so as to become a registered prescription clerk.
MARSHALL.

Yes; University College of Medicine, city.

Justice and School Trustee. Deerfield, Va.

Editor of The Times-Disputch: Bir.—Can a man legally hold the office of justice of the peace and he school trustee at the same time? If not, how removed? R. A. D.

The Hume Family.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—I notice the inquiry from Lexing-ton, Texas, about the Humes. I am a daughter of McGeorge Hume. If "Hun-ter" will write to me at my postoffice. ter" will write to me at my postonics a people.

Respectfully,
SUE E. HUME.
Summer Duck P. O., Fauquier Co., Va.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir.—I have a cow that has stopped drinking, though she is in good health, appetite all right. Please let me know what to do to make her drink.

Your description of the cow's condition is too indefinite. If she is in good health and has an appetite, very likely she will drink all right in a short time

Origin of the S edless Orange.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch;
Sir.—Please inform me whether the secdless orange is a natural growth or is the result of manipulation. What is its history?

HENRICO.

United States Department of Agriculture for information on this subject, and we give the answer as follows:

John Randolph's Indian. Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Please state in next Sunday's
query column whether or not John Randolph, of Roanoke, was of Indian descent,
and if so from which side of the house?
Yours respectfully,
R. N. S.

R. N. S. John Randolph's paternal grandmother was Jane Bolling, who married Richard Randolph. She was the granddaughter of Robert Bolling, who married Jane Rolfe, the granddaughter of Pocahontas.

"Rattlesnake Plantain.

A correspondent, whose letter we have mislaid, recently sent us a small paper box containing a number of leaves which he wished us to identify for him. An expert tells us that they belong to the rattlesnake plantain, "peramium repens" known by the name "Goodyera repens in some botanical works.

The name "rattlesnake plantain" is derived from the mottled leaves rather than from medicinal properties contained in the plant.

> Teachers' Salaries. . Dongola, Va.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—Is it lawful for a district board of school trustees to pay a larger salary to one teacher than to another having the same grade certificate? or can the district board use its discretion in the mat-

There is no provision in the school laws or in the regulations of the State Board of Education that prevents trustees from paying one teacher a larger salary than another, though both hold the same kind

More About the Welsh Rabbits. To the Editor of The Tribune:

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir,—In regard to the correct spelling of the name "Welsh rabbit," permit me to call your attention to an authority on such matters, the Rev. Waiter W. Skeat, in his "Bitymological Dictionary of the English Language." Under the word "Welsh," we find: "Derivative, Welsh rabbit. A Welsh dainty, i. e., not a rabbit, but toasted cheese; this is a nild toke, just as a Norfolk capon is not mild joke, just as a Norfolk capon is not a capon at all, but a red herring (Halli-

Those who cannot see the joke pretend that rabbit is a corruption of rare bit, which is as pointless and stupid as it is incapable of proof.

J. H. B.

Pullman Car Employes.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir.—Will you please inform me through your query column where to apply to get a position on a Pullman car?

A SUBSCRIBER.

West Appointatox, Va.

Applications for employment can be made at any of the district superintendents' offices. There are three in Jersey City, one in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Washington, and in a number of the larger cities in the United A printed blank to be filled out is furnished. The applicant for a position as conductor must be over twenty-five, and for a place as porter over twenty one years old. He must be of good ap pearance and address, healthy, intelligent and possessed of sufficient education to fill the position sought. All new employes must have \$25 in cash with which to pur-

List of Revolutionary Soldiers. Editor of The Times-Dispatch;

1. In what department of the State (Virginia) government can the rester of Revolutionary soldiers be found?

2. What, if any, is the cost of examination of same to find names of ancestors

There is in the Land Registry, (in the basement) of the Capitol building, record of those who received bounty land for service in the Revolution; and there are, also, some Mss. papers filed in substantiation of claims. There are, also, some books there, preserved as to services of

who served in that war?

tigation, as claims for admission to mem bership in the so-called patriotic societies have to pass a Board of Examination.

A Bull Pa' and "hippoorwill.

A Bull Pa' and Whippoorwill.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir.—Will you pleases, inform me through the query columns of your paper if there is a difference between the two birds, the whippoorwill and the bull bat, and state same, and oblige Yours respectfully, W. F. PORTER.

Stevensville, Va.

The two birds differ widely in shape coloration and habits. The bill and tail of the whippoorwill are longer, the mouth is surrounded by stiff bristles, and the color of the plumage is made up mainly of black and shades of rich brown. ends of the outer tail feathers are white, or creamy white, and are quite noticeable in flight. The whippoorwill nests in the deep woods, and spends most of its time in cover. The night hawk has a much shorter bill and shorter, wedge-shaped tall, and the color of the plumage is made up of black, white and gray. Each wing bears a large white spot, which is absent in the whippoorwill. The night hawk nests in pastures and other open places, and rarely, if ever, is found in thickets.

Turkish Stone-Balls.

Editor of The Times-Disputch; Editor of The Times-Dispatch;
Sir,—What is the history of the Turkish cannon balls of stone that one sees in front of the Regimental Armory? Is if true, as recently stated, that they were brought to this country for the University of Virginia by Captain Sidney Smith Lee, father of Fitz, Lee?
"INQUIRER."

In a historical pamphlet published in 1880 by R. A. Brock, Esq., the following statement was made as to the history

of those stone balls:

As the corners of the premises of the residence at the southwest corner of Marshall and Seventh Street, originally that of Mr. Henry W. Moncure, and more re-cently of the late Dr. Beverley R. Wellcently of the late Dr. Beverley R. Wellford, Sr., may be seen some novel missiles of warfare, being three cannon halls
of wrought granite, measur ng nearly thee
feet in diameter, mounted on stone pedestals. These balls were quarried and rounded to be served to the mouths of cannon
on the shores of the Bosphorus. They
were brought thence by Commodore Elliott, of the University of Virginia,
and were landed at Rocketts. There they
lay unclaimed until Mr. Moncure removed
and mounted them as they are now seen. and mounted them as they are now seen

Modecai in his Richmond in by gone tays states that the balls were lying at Rocketts and were in danger of rolling into the river when Mr. Moncure rescued

When old Dr. Wellford's residence was pulled down to make room for business houses these stones were acquired by the city and put in front of the Armory.

Origin of the Term " Pawbee." Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Editor of The Times-Dispaten:
Sir,—In Sunday's paper a querist asks about story of derivation of name of Schotch "bawbee," connecting it with 'baby." Your answer, a quotation from Century Dictionary, does not touch the inquiry. The old Scotch story is that a local the resulter silver color used to a gee, the smallest silver coin, used to be charged for the honor of visiting a royal baby, and that this charge was made

baby, and that this charge was made for the double purpose of effecting some selection in the throng of visitors and thriftly starting the babe in life with a handle o' silver.

Jamison's Scottish Dictionary, that invaluable book, says the tale and refers its origin to Fife, Murdock has the same story, which, he says, "used to be current in Ross." Jamison seems to incline to the opinion that the real connection lies in the stamping of a child's eline to the opinion that the real connec-tion lies in the stamping of a child's head on some very early silver coin, a piece of minting so ancient that the date and circumstances may not now be dis-covered. "Old" Graham in his "History of Coinage," gives the baby head expla-nation, but unfortunately names Mary Stuart, daughte rof James V., as the child whose effigy gave the coin the name "bawbee. This term is to be found in Scotch laws of a date at least seventy in Scotch laws of a date at least years earlier than the time of Mary's

birth.

The various forms in which "bawbee" occurs need give no trouble, seeing that "baby" is probably a survival from the universal language spoken before the confusion at Babel, and occurs in every confusion at Babel, and occurs in every shape from the "babboon" of the African to the American Indians "Pappoose," and further our Scottish friends of the ciden time were rather profuse in their ideas of spelling, as witness the multitudes of forms in which the Lindsay name appears.

When the Iron Dake Was Unpopular.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,-I have seen it stated that Wellington came back from Waterloo, there were arches of triumph, banquets there were arches of triumph, banquets sretching their tables across England, and ovations, and cheers of oxcited millions. But afterward Wellington did something that displeased the people, and then they stoned his house and tried to 'dil him, and broke down the fence around his home, the fence that the Duke would not allow during his lifetime to be repaired, because he wished the ruins to remain as a perpetual ovidence of the

remain as a perpetual ovidence of the fickleness of the world's opinion.

What act did the Duke commit to incur the wrath of the people? I can find no reference to it in any history or encyclopeadia accessible to me.

T. D. I.

The first important check to Wellington's great popularity in England was his change in regard Catholic emancipation. when he was premier in 1829. This led to a many violent attacks upon him and to a duct with the Earl of Win-

But when Catholic emancipation was carried, the demand for the reform of Parliament agitated all of Great Britain. At the opening of Parliament after the death of George IV. Wellington declared against any parliamentary reform whatever, which caused the fall of his government. When Lord Grey, the chief of the new ministry, brought in the reform bill in 1832, "the Iron Duke," resisted it as long as anything could be gained there-Lay, Guy, Tabb, Brooks, Wolf, Mark

Palmer, Marx.

The above roll was handed me by the officer commanding the Richmond Troop of Cavairy for the purpose of gotting sommlistions issued to the officers of sall company as they now stand on the roll, ED. M. TAYLOR,

Co. 19th, Rt. Va., M.



Carriage Buyers Are Coming Our Way.

See Them.

R. H. BOSHER'S SONS,

Old Dominion Cement

will be used exclusively in the construction of the SETTLING BASIN, soon to be constructed for the purpose of furnishing the public of Richmond with clear water. No better evidence of its high standard of quality than the fact that the CITY OF RICHMOND has determined to use it in this work. For work where CEMENT is to be used you want the best. Write to us. Prices

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OPPOSITE OLD MARKET.

Headquarters for Hardware, Tin, Plate, V Crimp and Corrugated Roofling, Lime, Coment and Terra Cotta Pipe, Carey's Magnesia Flexible Cement Roofling, etc.

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MACHINE SHOP,

AUTOMOBILE REPOSITORY,

BUILDER, DEALER AND REPAIRER OF ENGINES, BOILERS, MA-CHINERY, AUTOMOBILES AND BICYCLES.

SPORTING GOODS.

T. W. Tignor's Sons have sold their stock of SPORTING GOODS to us, and rather than move this stock, as well as to reduce the big surplus, we are offering special inducements in prices, and will continue to do so until November 1st. This applies to the stock at Tignor's old stand, No. 1219 EAST MAIN STREET. Mr. Tom Tignor and Mr. Dick Coleman are new with us and will be glad to see their friends, Mr. Cris, the expert gunsmith, formerly with Messrs. Tignor, is now with us and will serve his friends and the sporting public generally in the best manner.

ELECTROPLATING. GAS AND LAMP FIXTURES REFINISHED.

ELECTRO-PLATING. GAS AND LAMP FIXTURES REFINISHED. HARRIS, FLIPPEN & CO.,

JAPOLAC Floor Finish.

TANNER PAINT AND OIL CO., 1419 E. Main Street. at in the streets, the windows of Apsley

his London residence, were smashed, and an attempt made to burn his country house. Wellington had told Parliament that "the country already possessed a Legislature which answered all the good purposes of legislation; that the system of representation had the full and entire confidence of the country, and that he not only was not prepared to bring forward any measure of reform, but would resist such as long as he held any station in the government." He lost his station and the reforms came.

Worders and Murmurs.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch;

oir,—Please be so him as to reproduce in The Times-Dispatch the enclosed poem, which will, I think, be enjoyed by all who see it. XXX.

Strange that the Wind should be left so

free,
To play with a flower, or tear a tree;
To range or ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to befierce or still;
Above and around, to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and the sky in
strife;

Gently to whisper, with morning light, Yet growl like a tortured fiend ere night; Or to love, and cherish, and bless to-day What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends awayl

Strange that Sun should call into birth All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth, Then bid them perish, and see them die, While they cheer the soul and gladden

the eye.
At morn, its child in the pride of spring—
At night, a shrivelled and loathsome thing!
To-day, there is hope and life in its To-day, there is hope and life in its breath, To-morrow, it shrinks to a useless death. Strange doth it seem, that the sun should

To give life, alone, that it may destroy,

Strange that the Ocean should come and With its daily and nightly ebb and flow-To bear on its placed breast at morn The bark that, ere night, will be tempest-

torn;
Or cherish it all the way it must roam,
To leave it a wreck within sight of home;
To smile as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to his cettage door;
And gently ripple along the strand
To watch the widow behold him land;

But, stranger than all, that Man should When his plans are formed and his hopes

when his plans are former and has according to high;
He walks forth a lord of the earth to-day,
And the morrow beholds him a part of
its clay;
He is born in sorrow and cradled in pain,
And from youtl, to age, it is labor in

And all that seventy years can show,
is that wealth is trouble, and wisdom
wee;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.

Alas! if we murmur at things like these, That refrection tells us are wise decrees; That the wind is not ever a gentle breath—
That the sun is often the bearer of death—

That the ocean wave is not always still—And that life is chequered with good and ill:

If we know 'tis well such change should be the common that the common t

be, What do we learn from the things we see? That an erring and sinning child of dust Should not wonder nor murmur-but hope ad trust.

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